O.K. Much more. Single space. (5)

---Fadder Lacombe--- -1-

By Fred J. Cameron (Munson, Alta.)

Metis-- dey call me Metis,
Some call me Half Breed Sam,
My Faddër, he's been wan frenchman
He leeve out here long tam,
My Mudder she's beeg Chief's daughter,
W'en young dey say she's been
De mostes' beautiful squaw
In dis contree ever seen;
W'en she's see heem, she's luv my Fadder
An' my Fadder he's luv her too,
An' he's join de tribe she's belong to
An' wit' her, leeve hees whole life tru',
An' he's never luv no oder squaw
But togedder dey leev mos' happee
Wit' me an' lots more wee papoose
Comin' 'long to mak nice familee.
But me-- I'm jus' wan breed man,
No count an' growin' quite ol',
But dats not de story I tink of
De story I want to tol'--
W'en I look back along de portage
Of de life now lef' behin'
Dere's wan ting dat seem fines'
Wan ting stan' out in de min'
An' dats de life an' de livin'
An' de work of dat great white man,
De bestes' frien' of de In'ian
'Long de reever Saskatchewan,
De man wot's luv an' honor
In every teepee an' home,
De man wot's call everyone's frien'
De good ol' Fadder Lacombe.

W'en young man he's put on de Black Robe
An' he's geev up hees home an' hees frien'
An' he's come out to be wit' de In'ian
An' dere leev hees life to de en';
He's enjoy de hunt for de buffalo,
If dere's trubble he's comin' dere quick;
He's Pries' to all tribes of de In'ian,
He's nurse to all In'ians wot's sick;
He's tryin' to teach all de In'ian
Wot He's callin' de Golden Rule
An' for de papoose an' young Metis
He's keep wot he's callin' de school,
An' he always is try stop de fightin'
Lak de tam w'en he's visit de ban'
Of Chief Natous of de Blackfoot
An' he's tellin' dem nice as he can

Dat de In'ians should all be lak brothers,
An' de fightin' 'mong tribes she should stop-
Den wan night while he's dere de gun
Of de Cree she's start goin' Pop! Pop!
An' de screetch of de war cry she's makin'
Such noise, its hurtin' de ear,
W'ile de squaw an' de leetle papoose
De're cryin' an' screamin' wit' fear.
All night did de battle rage on
But at las' w'en de daylight dey see
De Fadder he say, "Now stop shootin'
I'm go out an' talk to dem Cree".
Hees crucifix dats always wit' heem
He's holdin' in wan han' up high
An' de flag wit' de leetle red cross
From de oder han' she is fly,
An' he's soon walkin' out 'cross de contree,
An' he's tellin' dem Cree to go home,
W'en a bullet is knock heem unconscious
An' de Fadder he's fall to de groun';
Den de fightin' is stop an' de Blackfoot
Is yellin' "You Dog of de Cree
You've gone now an' murder your Blackrobe,
Your bes' frien' in all de contree".
Den de Cree is so scare an' so sorry
De fight from hees heart is all gone
An' he's all disappear an' gone home
By de tam de day she is dawn.

For w'y do de Blackfoot all call heem,
De "Arsous Kitsi rarpi"--
Dat mean, Man of de Good Heart--
W'en he's also de frien' of de Cree,
Dey know he's de frien' of de In'ian,
Dont matter wot tribe dey may be,
W'en trubble is come to de In'ian
Dey know he'll be comin' quicklee
To help dem lak w'en dat black small pox
In de year eighteen seventee
Keel many in all of de lodges
Of bot' de Blackfoot an' de Cree.
All night an' all day did de Fadder
Work on never stoppin' to res',
Kep' goin' by only de courage
Of dat kin' heart wot's beat in his breas',
Nursin' de sick, wot's so many
An' w'en each day he's got tru'
Buryin' de wan's dat's been dyin'
Wit' de blessing of Le bon Dieu.

Dey luv heem, dose In'ians dey luv heem
But, de In'ians dey all lak to fight,
De Cree want de scalp of de Blackfoot
Den de Blackfoot come back in de night
Raid de camp an' steal all de horse--
Each brave try to catch heem nice squaw
An' den she's de squaw of dat brave
By way of de In'ians law,
An' den dat brave he's beeg man
W'en again he's comin' back home
For now, in hees own lodge he's got
Maybe two-- tree,squaw of hees own.

But de Fadder, he say, "No! No!
Dats wrong have two-- tree, squaw,
You come in de church an' get marry
By way of de church's law;
Den you an' she leev togedder,
Wit' maybe papoose by an' by
An' dat mak nice In'ian family
Long as she or you don' die".
De In'ian he say, "But Fadder--
Dat law of de church she's wrong,
Beeg brave need two-- tree, squaw",
But de Fadder speak loud an' strong,
"Wan squaw is nuff for wan In'ian,
An' w'en marry den she's your wife
An' wan wife is all you can have
An' dats for de res' of your life".

Dis Edmonton, now, she's nice city,
But wan tam she's only beeg fort
W'en she's trade for de fur wit' de In'ian,
W'ile de cannon she's peep from de fort;
She's trade wit' de brave, sometimes rum
Till he's crazee an' yellin' for fight,
Den de Fadder get mad an' he say,
"Tradin' rum to de In'ian's not right".
He's livin' den at St. Albair
W'ere he's growin' de garden an' crop
W'ere he's buil' de mill to mak flour
To feed dose poor In'ian wot's stop
To beg heem for someting to eat
For de squaw an' papoose wot's hongree
W'en de winter she's bitter an' col'
An' de game, dere's none for to see

Wan day w'en he's workin' an' singin'
He's look up an' say wit' alarm,
"Who's dis rider comin' so fas'
Might break de leg or de arm".

But soon he is know for dat rider
W'en he 's see heem is yellin'"Come! Come!
De Blackfoot is stormin' de fort
An' de Governor say, 'Joe, you run
So queek as you can to St. Albair
An' breeng dat good Fadder Lacombe
For he is de only man livin'
Wot can sen' dese In'ians back home'".

De Fadder he's lef' in a hurry
Den he's walk 'roun de fort all de night,
An' he's talk in de Blackfoot language
An' he's beggin' dose braves stop de fight;
He's tellin' dem all dat de white man
Is surely de In'ians frien'
An' he's beggin' dem all to go home
An' bring dis beeg fight to an en'
An' dey all mus' be luvin de Fadder
For w'en de mornin' she's come
De contree she's peaceful an' quiet,
An' de Blackfoot brave she's all gone.

Now de Fadder he's lef' all hees cheeldren,
De name wot he's callin' us by,
An' de heart of hees cheeldren she's heavy,
Dere's many a tear in de eye;
W'en dey know he is come back no more,
De squaw an' papoose she is cry,
But dey hope he's mos' happee up dere
In de home wot he's call, On High;
But hees cheeldren dere no more so happee,
Since he's lef' dem-- dat good white man,
De bestes' frien' of de In'ian,
'Long de reever Saskatchewan.

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